

Made From Sky and Trees

by feel-seek-heal

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1. I Have Never Felt so Happy in My Life

****Chapter 1 - I Have Never Felt so Happy in My Life****

****Trigger Warning for Future Chapters****

****I started writing this in a state of serenity before 3x07. I was so happy with Clexa and representation and everything was great. Of course, I was devastated when Lexa died, so I decided to start posting this story in order to show a happier life that Clexa could have lived. It's set a few years after where the show is currently at. This is my first story on here, so please be patient if I make any technical errors. Anything that is meant to be in Trigedaslång is in italics! Comments on what you would like to see is more than welcome! I'll be trying to post once a week, but it'll just depend on my schedule. Thanks for reading! - Sam****

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><p>"The rider from Arkadia just arrived," Lexa announces, walking into the throne room. Clarke doesn't look up from the maps as Lexa takes her seat on the throne, "Your mother, Kane, and their attendants will be here in the morning to discuss the new trades routes."<p>

Lexa glances up at Clarke, realizing she wasn't paying her any attention, "Clarke?"

"What?" Clarke's head shoot up, "Sorry, what did you say?"

Eyes narrowing, Lexa repeats herself, "Your people will be here in the morning."

"Oh," Clarke gives a short nod before turning back to her maps.

Lexa stands up, motioning for the guards to leave the room. Once gone, she moves to stand behind Clarke. Running her hands up the girl's arms, she pulls Clarke into her front, "You have been acting strange for days, _my love_. What is it that troubles you?"

Letting her head fall back on to Lexa's shoulder, Clarke closes her eyes. She whispers, "I went to see the healers a few nights agoâ€¦"

Quickly stepping in front of her, Lexa gently puts her hands on Clarke's cheeks, "_The healers? What happened? Are you sick, my love?"_

"No, no, noâ€¦ I'm not sick Lexa, I just-"

"_Why did you not tell me?" Lexa frowns, "What is happening?"_

Clarke's hand reach up to rest on Lexa's, "Relax, I'm not sick. I wanted to be sure before I told you."

"Told me what?"

Clarke glances down to the floor before staring straight into Lexa's eyes, "I think I'm pregnant, Lex."

Lexa's jaws falls open slightly, her eyes now moving down to look at Clarke's flat stomach. She says nothing, simply staring down and gripping Clarke cheeks more securely. Clarke whispers, "Lex this is what we wantedâ€¦ Aren't you happy?"

Lexa's eyes move back to look at Clarke's. Immediately, Clarke notices the tears welling up in her Bond's eyes. Clarke has only seen Lexa cry twice in the three years since they met in that war tent, accusing each other of killing warriors and sending them there to kill. Once when they witnessed a child be killed during a raid many months ago. The other, the day they Bonded. Afterwards, alone in their tent, Lexa let her tears of happiness flow into Clarke's shoulder, overwhelmed with more joy than she had ever felt before.

Clarke's own hands now move to Lexa's face, wiping away fallen tears, "_My love, why are you crying? I thought you would be happy?"_

_ "___I have never felt so happy in my life," _Lexa sobs. Falling forward into Clarke's open arms, she grabs on to her shirt tightly, "I'm the first Commander to ever live long enough to have their own child. I am so happy I don't know how to tell youâ€¦"

Clarke lets out a noise somewhere between a laugh and sob of her own, "Lexa, we're going to have a little baby."

As her cries begin to die away, Lexa straightens herself. One hand rests on the small of Clarke's back, the other stopping just in front of Clarke's stomach, "May I?"

Clarke smiles through her own tears, "_Of course, my love. The baby is yours too._"

Lexa finally lets her hand sit on Clarke's still flat stomach. She rubs her thumb softly up and down. Releasing a deep breath, Lexa says, "_We're having a little one. She'll be made from sky and trees. Blood of the clouds and skin of the dirt. Leaves in her hair and sun in her eyes."_

Clarke can't help but be amazed once again by her Bond's way with words. All she can do is ask, "The little one is a she?"

Lexa shrugs, "The little one is ours, Clarke. Our little one."

Clarke smiles.

* * *

><p>"Clarke!" Abby's voice travels across the crowd.<p>

Lexa spots the Chancellor first and then points her out to Clarke. As they make their way over, they take notice of the fact that Kane is not with her. There are a few other sky guards, but Kane is not among them. They both try to remember the last time Kane did not accompany Abby to Polis, but nothing comes to mind.

"Hi Mom," Clarke smiles as Abby's arms wrap around her.

"Hi sweetheart," Abby gives her cheek a kiss before pulling back to look at her daughter. "How have you been?"

Clarke lets a grin show, "Wonderful. Come on, we'll let you and the guards get settled in your rooms and then you can come have food with Lexa and I."

"Ok," Abby turns back and motions the guards to follow her. They make their way back to where Lexa is standing. Abby gives the girl a small nod, "Commander."

"Chancellor," Lexa nods back. "You'll be staying on the floor below ours. You'll be able to see all of Polis from there."

Abby can't help but smirk a bit at Lexa's indifferent attitude. The two of them had been on much better terms since Clarke and Lexa had Bonded. Abby always thought Lexa needed to let herself go a bit more, though. Abby steps forwards and puts a hand on Lexa's shoulder, "It's good to see you, Lexa."

She smiles in return, "You as well, Abby."

* * *

><p>"Do you want to tell her about the baby?" Clarke asks as she sits in Lexa's throne.

"_She's your mother," _Lexa removes her pauldron, setting it next to the large chair. "_It should be your decision."_

"_I think I want her to know,_" Clarke contemplates. "_We don't know when we'll see her next and I don't want her to find out by me already showing._"

Lexa smiles, "I can't wait until you begin to show."

Clarke stands and grabs Lexa's hand. Gently resting it on her stomach, she leans into her Bond, "I wish the little one was already here. I just want to hold her."

"Her?" Lexa smirks.

Clarke glares, "Or him. Ever since you said 'she' I just picture the baby as a girl."

"It does not matter which," Lexa replies. "I wish to hold her as well. It will come faster than you think, _my love_."

The speed at which they both switch between her language and Lexa's still astounds Clarke. Leaning up, she pecks Lexa's lips before moving over to their table. The maps that usually litter it have been moved and replaced with plates of food. As if on cue, the doors to the throne room swing open and Abby walks in.

"_Guards, no one else comes in without my consent," _Lexa orders the two warriors. Both nod, shutting the doors behind them.

"Sit down, Mom. I know that the food here is much better than anything back at Arkadia."

Abby huffs, but takes her seat at the table, "They've gotten better, but everything here is still much better."

Lexa sits next to Clarke and begins to eat with them, "I could send some of my people to teach yours. I'm sure some would be happy to go and cook for people who would appreciate it more."

"No, now is probably not good timing" Abby trails off.

"What is it, Mom?" Clarke frowns, "Is there a problem back in Arkadia?"

Abby sighs, "Not really. It will be resolved soon. Ever since Kane and I have become official partners in running the camp, some of our people have been restless. They worry that with two leaders no decisions will be made and nothing will get done."

>"Do I need to send peacekeepers? I can spare a few warriors without a problem," Lexa offers, not wanting anything to disrupt the coalition's peace.<p>

"No, everything is fine," Abby assures them. "I promise. Nothing has happened and nothing will happen. There are only a few who object to the new leadership and the rest of our people make sure to keep them in line. Our people are happy with peace and won't let a few people destroy that. Don't worry."

"Well in that case, we have something to tell you," Clarke announces. They are just finishing their food and it seems like a perfect time to tell Abby.

"I knew there was something going on!" Abby accuses, "As soon as I saw you both I could tell something was different. Well, come on, spit it out. What is it?"

Lexa smiles and lets out a shaky breath as she puts her arm around Clarke. She's nervous to tell Abby. When she first found out about her and Clarke, she wasn't exactly happy. Eventually she came around, especially when they officially Bonded. Abby was upset that they weren't getting married, but Clarke had become more Trikru than Skaikru and she wanted to follow grounder traditions. Once the Bond was official, Abby became much more accepting of Lexa. Lexa would never say it, but she doesn't want to upset Abby. She is Clarke's mother and that means something to Lexa, so telling her about the baby makes Lexa more nervous than telling her about the Bond.

"Mom, a few moons ago, I found out for sure," Clarke starts. "Mom, I'm pregnant. Lexa and I are going to have a baby."

Abby just stares at them, eyebrows raised. Lexa panics, thinking she's angry. Thankfully, it only takes a few more seconds before Abby snaps out of it, "A baby?"

"Yes," Lexa answers this time. "A little one. And I promise to protect her. I will do everything possible to make sure nothing ever harms the little one. I know it's dangerous to have a child as the Commander, but I swear to you, I will not let anyone hurt the baby. Or Clarke."

Abby smirks, "I know you won't, Lexa. If there is anyone I trust to take care of my daughter and grandchild, it's you."

Lexa lets out a sigh of release as Clarke stands to give her mother a hug. Abby and Clarke begin to fawn over each other as Lexa watches on. Nothing could ever be better than this in Lexa's mind.

* * *

><p>"Clarke, you look preggo as hell!"<p>

"How'd she get so pregnant so fast?"

"You look like you're ready to pop, Clarke!"

"Oh my God, you're huge Clarke!"

Clarke shakes her head, "Thanks guys. Real nice."

Bellamy, Raven, Octavia, and Monty as crowd around her. They keep talking and asking questions, as Clarke smiles at her friends. They had just arrived in Polis after a few months in the Ice Nation. In order to help establish trust between the Ice Nation and the rest of the coalition after the Queen's death, Lexa recently sent a group of her people to live with them for a few months. Many of the remaining original hundred had volunteered to go and were just now coming back to their homes. Clarke's friends decided to stop in Polis to see Clarke before the baby was born.

Raven goes to put her hand on Clarke's stomach, but suddenly Clarke is gone. Looking over a few feet, the group finds Clarke in Lexa's arms,

one hand on her stomach, the other wrapped around her back.

"_Are you ok, my love?" _Lexa asks quickly, worried about the little one.

Clarke smiles and puts her hands on Lexa's cheeks. Tilting Lexa's head up, their eyes meet, "_Everything is ok. They're just my friends. They won't hurt me."_

"_They tried to touch your stomach," _Lexa argues. "_Only the parents are allowed to do that. She's our little one. Not theirs._"

"_I know, my love," _Clarke assures her Bond. "_In Skaikru traditions, it's not uncommon for other people to touch a woman's stomach when they're pregnant. They didn't know any better."_

Lexa shakes her head, "_I don't care about Skaikru traditions. She's our little one. They can't touch your stomach."_

Clarke nods, "_I know, Lex. Don't worry, I wasn't going to let them. She's our little one. Just relax now."_

Lexa stares into her eyes for a moment, holding her gaze. Finally, she nods, relaxing her posture a bit. Clarke grabs her hand, turning back to her friends who all stand there staring. Clarke sends them a reassuring smile, "Sorry guys."

Lexa steps forwards and clenches her jaw, "You can't touch."

"Lexa, stop," Clarke pulls her backwards and looks at her friends. "In Trikru tradition, only the parents of the child are allowed to touch my stomach. You can give me hugs and all that, but you just can't touch me there."

"Clarke, are you sure?" Monty frowns, "Is sheâ€|"

"No, I'm fine. It's not just Lexa, I want to follow the tradition as well," Clarke says, "Don't worry, nothing is being forced on me."

"Sorry, to both of you," Bellamy steps forward and offers Lexa his hand. "I didn't mean any disrespect. Just excited is all. First baby from the hundred."

Lexa shakes his hand, the Skaikru way, "We are excited as well."

"The Commander's excited?" Raven replies with sarcasm, "Who would've thought."

"Oh shut up Raven," Clarke laughs, leading them into the skyscraper.

* * *

><p>"What do you mean I can't deliver the baby?" Abby asks, shocked.<p>

"Mom, I want the Trikru healer to deliver the baby," Clarke sighs. "Every clan has healers that train to deliver babies. Lexa is from

Trikru. They've accepted me into their people. I want the delivery to be one of the Trikru."

"Clarke we have no idea if they can help you," Abby retaliates. "What if there are complications. You need our technology to be safe. And you are still from the sky, Clarke. The baby will be as much Skaikru as Trikru."

"I know that, Mom. I don't want any of that stuff. If the baby is meant to be, everything will be fine. If not; there is a reason," Clarke reasons. "Please Mom. You're still allowed to be with me in the room. Trikru are my family, Mom."

"This is ridiculous," she huffs. "Clarke, please. Sweetheart this isn't the safest option."

"The Spirits will decide what happens, not your machines," Lexa interjects from her place across the room.

"You put these ideas in her head!" Abby accuses, "I don't care about your damn spirits. I want my daughter safe along with my grandchild!"

"Mom stop that!" Clarke steps in between her mother and Bond, "Lexa didn't put any ideas in my head! I chose this, Mom. There will be a Trikru healer with us, and you are more than welcome to be there with us. Octavia will be with us as well. This is not up for discussion."

Abby goes to say something else, but one look at her daughter and she knows she has lost this battle. Abby knows that once her daughter's mind is made up, there is no chance of changing it. Sighing, she relents, "Alright! Alright, fine. I will respect your wishes! I do want to be there with you."

Clarke smiles and wraps her mother in a hug, "I want you there too, Mom."

* * *

><p>"Heda! Heda, you must come quickly!"

Turning to the commotion behind her, she sees Lincoln rushing towards her, "_What is it, Lincoln?"_

"_Clarke has gone into labor, Heda," _Lincoln informs her hurriedly. "_Octavia is with her now and word has been sent for her mother. She's probably with her already._"

Lincoln doesn't think she hears all of what he's said, too preoccupied with the news of her Bond in labor. The young Nightbloods behind her look shocked as well. Titus quickly steps forward, ordering them to collect their weapons.

Lincoln would never normally disrespect his Commander, but in light of the situation and Lexa's frozen stance, he ignores all he's been taught and grabs Lexa's arm. Pulling her back towards the healer's building, he says, "_Forgive me, Heda, but Clarke needs you._"

That seems to snap Lexa out of it. She's suddenly a concerned Bond;

no longer the fierce Commander from minutes before. She begins jogging slightly ahead of Lincoln, "_Is she well?"_

Lincoln smiles as he quickens his pace to keep up, "_She is, Heda. She was asking for you when I left. She was walking through the city when it happened. She's in the healer's hut now."_

2. I Think That's Perfect

****Chapter 2 - I Think That's Perfect****

****Chapter Summary:** Clarke has the baby. Abby learns more of grounder culture. Lexa and Clarke decide on a baby name.**

****Trigger Warning for Future Chapters****

****Hello!** I would like to say a huge thank you to everyone who followed this story. I'm so happy that so many people like what I have written. I have a lot of plans for future chapters, but I love getting requests or ideas, so please feel free to leave me some in the comments. Some notes: Titus never shot at Clarke, Polis is Clarke and Lexa's main home. The whole Pike thing happened, but Bellamy was never involved. Pike was killed when the blockade was put in place. Everything in italics in supposed to represent Trigedaslang! Thanks for reading! - Sam**

The door to the healer's hut opens and Clarke's eyes snap open. Spotting Lexa rushing towards her, she sighs with relief, "Lexa!"

"I am here, _my love," Lexa assures her. She quickly throws her extra clothes off to the side, now adorning a much less bulky outfit. Slipping into the large bed next to her Bond, Lexa wraps her arms around Clarke, asking, "How are you, _my love? I came as fast as I could."

"I'm alright, just tired," Clarke lays her head on Lexa's chest, peaking up at Octavia and Lincoln. "Thank you, Lincoln."

"Of course, Clarke," he bows slightly. "I will be right outside guarding the building with the others. Your mother has been sent for."

With that, Lincoln exits, not wanting to intrude on such a sacred process. Only those chosen by the parents are allowed in the healer's hut with them.

Octavia makes her way over to a chair on the other side of the bed, shedding her outer jackets like her Commander had, "Is the pain bad?"

Clarke shakes her head, "No, not yet. I mean, it hurts, but not badly."

"Good," she gives a sharp nod.

The healer Lexa and Clarke had chosen walks into the room carrying a small cup of liquid. Moving to sit on the bed beside Lexa, the healer offers Clarke the cup, "It's for the pain. It will have no effect on

the child or the birth. It is simply to help you when the pain gets worse."

Clarke takes the offered cup, "_Mochof, Ava."_

Lexa shifts to look down at her Bond after the cup is handed back to the healer. Brushing her fingers across Clarke cheek, she smiles, "When this is over, our little one will be here."

Clarke smiles back.

* * *

><p>"Just a little more, Clarke," Ava announces.<p>

"You can do this, Clarke," Octavia interjects from somewhere in the room.

"I'm right here, sweetheart," Abby's voice tries to assure her.

Clarke looks around the room in pain. Everyone's voices are mixing together and she can't focus on the one person she wants in these last minutes.

"That's enough!" Lexa is heard over everyone else. Clarke finally sees her Bond and reaches out, grabbing for her to come closer. Lexa complies, once again holding her love. Lexa finishes her orders, "No more of that. Abby and Octavia get out. Ava, quiet yourself unless you have to speak."

At first, Abby and Octavia go to object, but one look at Clarke and they see it's what she needs. They exit quietly and Ava follows her orders as well. Lexa brushes loose strands of hair away from Clarke's eyes, "I'm here, _my love. _Not much longer now."

Clarke nods, "I just want to see her."

"Or him."

"Or him," Clarke concedes. After another harsh set of pain, Clarke stares up into her Bond's green eyes, "Lex, I need you to promise me something. Promise her something."

Lexa furrows her eyebrows, "What is it, _my love_?"

Clarke grabs on to Lexa's cheek, "I need you to promise me that you'll be her mother and not her Commander."

Lexa begins to shake her head, "Clarke-"

"No, just listen," Clarke interrupts. "I know that you'll love her. I know that. I'm not worried about how you'll feel about her. I know you'll love her and respect her andâ€¦ I'm not worried about that, Lexâ€¦ I'm worried that you won't show her. I know that you can't always display your emotions in front of others. I know you have to be that way to keep everyone safe. But she won'tâ€¦ She'll be little and afraidâ€¦ The world can be very scary when you're littleâ€¦ She needs both of us, not just meâ€¦ She will need you to show her how you feel, all the time, not just when you're aloneâ€¦"

Lexa lets a few tears fall from her eyes on to Clarke's cheeks. Her forehead falls to Clarke's as she whispers, "I promise. I promiseâ€¦ I will always show her how I feel. I promise Clarke. I promise."

* * *

><p>A cry rings through the quiet room. Clarke weakly pushes Lexa away from her, giving her the sign to go to the baby. Ava holds the wriggling child out to her Commander. Lexa pulls the baby to her chest gently, her gaze falling on tiny blue eyes. She lets out a noise: half a sob, half a laugh.<p>

Once Ava cuts the cord and helps wrap a blanket around the baby, Lexa goes back up to Clarke. Setting the tiny child in Clarke's waiting arms, Lexa holds them both, "_A girl, my love. Our little one is with us."_

Clarke's eyes immediately fill with tears as she brushes her fingers over the baby's forehead, "_Hello, little oneâ€¦ Lex, she's perfectâ€¦"_

Lexa nods in agreement, laying a kiss on both of her girls.

* * *

><p>"Abby, we should go rest," Octavia urges. "We know the baby and Clarke are both safe now. We aren't allowed back in the room until tomorrow. Lexa and Clarke will be given an entire day alone with their child if they choose to do so."<p>

"Why are your customs so inclusive?" Abby questions, "Why must your customs constantly push away others?"

"That's not what their intentions are," Lincoln states. Moving to sit next to them a few feet from the building, he explains, "Customs like this are meant to connect. Lexa and Clarke and the baby are connected. This time they are given is to help them solidify that connection and their connection to the Spirits."

"What spirits?" She asks, "No one has ever explained to me exactly what it is you believe in."

Lincoln sighs, "We don't believe in any Gods, like they did in the old world, but we do believe in the Spirits. We believe each person has a spirit, and when they die, their spirit moves on to a new body. We believe that nature is full of spirits. You have not spent time in our villages, but nature is something we all try to respect. We take only what we need from it, and in return, nature's Spirits give us all we need. All animals, all plants, everything has a spirit."

"Soâ€¦ I've heard that there is a Commander's spirit. Does that mean Lexa has essentially been the Commander in every life before?" Abby asks.

"No," Octavia answers instead. "Lexa has her own Spirit, which has lived as many lives as anyone else. After the old world ended, there was chaos among those left. Nature's Spirits answered the people's need for help and sent the Commander's Spirit to them. Lexa was

chosen to host that Spirit in this life, but once she dies, the Spirit will find someone different to hold it. They will then become Commander."

* * *

><p>"Those over there are trees," Lexa whispers in her daughter's ear. "_And all that space up there is the sky. You're made from both. You're eyes match the sky your Mama grew up in, and your hair matches the ground your Nomon grew up on._"

Clarke's eyes slowly blink open. She listens silently to the soft voice of her Bond. She looks over to find Lexa next to the window, their little one in her arms. Clarke smiles softly, still exhausted from the hard labor she went through.

"_Those people right down there are part of your family too_," Lexa continues. "_That's your grandmother and your aunt and uncle. They can't wait to meet you, little one. And they'll love you so much. But no one will love you the way Mama and I love you. We will never stop. I used to think that love was weakness, but your Mama is so smart and she taught me how strong love actually is._"

"I love you," Clarke says, announcing that she'd woken up. "I love you both too much to say."

Lexa smiles as she turns to look at her Bond, "I was showing her the world."

Clarke grins when she see tiny blue eyes peak over at her. Holding her arms out, she requests, "Bring her here."

Lexa obliges happily, setting the baby in Clarke's secure arms. She takes a seat next to them both, wrapping her arm around Clarke's shoulders. Sighing quietly, Lexa reminds, "We have to give her a name still."

Clarke leans her head on Lexa's shoulder for a second before picking her head up and looking Lexa straight in the eyes, "I have an idea, but I'm not sure if you'll be happy with it."

Lexa frowns, "Tell me, _my love._ If I don't agree then we can think of another together."

Clarke pauses, staring down at the baby. Little fingers wrap around one of Lexa's as the other hand grabs on to Clarke's shirt, as if she knows exactly who her mothers are. Finally, Clarke hesitantly whispers, "What about Costia?"

Immediately, Lexa's body tenses up against Clarke's. Worry courses through Clarke. She's afraid the suggestion is unwelcome and has made her Bond unhappy in a time supposed to be filled with joy. Just as she's ready to apologize, the little one pulls on Lexa's hand, whining softly. Lexa's body relaxes and she slides down so she's face to face with their daughter. Both of the baby's hands suddenly move to her Nomon's cheeks, holding on tightly. Lexa smiles softly, reaching out a gentle hand to hold on to one of her daughter's.

Clarke watches on in amazement as the two seem to communicate with

each other. Eventually, the baby's hands fall away and Lexa slowly sits back up. Kissing her Bond's cheeks and wrapping her arm around Clarke's shoulders once again, Lexa whispers, "I think that's perfectâ€¦ I think she would be happy with thatâ€¦ I think she would be happy that I'm remembering her in a good way nowâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I love itâ€¦"

Clarke burrows further into Lexa's embrace, "I think she would be happy tooâ€¦ Our little Costiaâ€¦"

* * *

><p>"Abby," Lexa calls. Immediately, the woman's head shoots up, as well as Octavia's and Lincoln's. All three stare over at the new mother, "You can come meet the baby now. All three of you."<p>

Within seconds all three are standing in front of Lexa, anxiously awaiting her instructions. Lexa smiles, "Clarke and baby are both doing wonderfully. Clarke was able to sleep for a while and the baby did as well. Ava told us both are healthy and there should be no further complications. They're both awake now, but you need to make your visit quiet. The baby doesn't like the noise."

"Relax, Lexa," Abby grins. "Everything will be fine. Now please, I've been waiting an entire twenty-four hours to see my grandchild."

"Right," Lexa concedes. "This way."

The group follows Lexa into the healer's hut and on to the second floor. Lexa shushes them once more before opening the door to their room. She goes straight over to the bed, taking up her position next to Clarke and her daughter in bed once more. As both parents continue to wonder over their child, the other three move closer. Abby goes to the other side of the enormous bed and sits down next to the couple. Tiny blue eyes flick over to her own and she begins to cry, "Clarke, sweetheart, you did amazing."

"Thanks, Mom," Clarke smiles.

"So, is it a boy or a girl?" Octavia interrupts the moment.

"Girl," Clarke reveals. "Strong, healthy girl. She's quiet too; just like her Nomon."

Abby smiles, brushing strands of hair away from Clarke's face, "You both did wonderful. She's going to have to amazing parents."

Surprisingly, it's Lexa who shows a soft smile and answers with emotion in her voice, "Thank you, Abby."

Clarke smiles at the interaction between the two women, hoping this friendly trend continues. Lincoln's voice interjects, "So, does she have a name yet?"

>Clarke glances up at Lexa fleetingly, giving her the cue to answer it when she's ready. Lexa first reaches down, brushing her fingers over the baby's cheek. Quietly, she announces, "Her name is Costia."<p>

Immediately, Lincoln and Octavia tense up. It was common knowledge among the grounders who Costia was. Lexa had never hidden her relationship with the girl, and when she had been killed, everyone knew it was a direct attack on Lexa. Lincoln had told the story to Octavia one night while visiting Polis. Both of them knew the seriousness of the situation, and Abby notices the tension right away, but knows better than to comment.

Of course, Octavia is the one to break the silence, "I think that's perfect."

Clarke hears the way her friend's voice is tight, but doesn't take her eyes off her little one, too entranced. But, she does answer, "I do too."

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file.